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HOW THE WIND BLOWS IN BARBADOS.

THE 10th of October 1780 was a day famous in the history of Barbados, on account of a terrible hurricane which devastated the island for three days, involving the loss of life and property to a fearful extent, and which was yearly commemorated by special religious services almost up to the 11th of August 1831, when another similar scourge, far more disastrous in its consequences, though providentially shorter in its duration, swept over the Atlantic Ocean, carrying death and destruction in its course.

The season had been unusually favourable to vegetation; and on the evening of Wednesday the 10th of August, the sun set on as fair and verdant a landscape as it is possible to conceive of; but on the morning of the 11th it rose on a scorched and blasted wilderness, such as no pen can adequately portray. Far as the eye could range, neither a house nor a tree could be seen, save as their ruins marked the course of the storm. Corn-fields and cane-patches which the evening before were rich in all the beauty of tropical luxuriance, were brown and withered as though burned by fire.

I was a young man then, not twenty years of age, and was on a visit to a planter, who, with two elderly maiden sisters, resided on his estate about ten miles from Bridgetown, the capital of the island. The house, two stories high, with a frontage of about eighty feet, was built of the limestone peculiar to the country, the walls being three to four feet in thickness. The basement consisted of a dining-room, about forty feet long, with verandah in front, facing the north; at the eastern extremity was a billiard-room; and at the western side were the drawing-room and entrance-hall, from which rose the staircase, leading to a corridor the whole length of the house, with the bedrooms on either side; and at the back were a harness-room and coach-house, over the former of which was a spare bedroom with paper of a bluish pattern, from which circumstance it was called the Blue Room; above this, again, was a store-room, in which all the

choice liquors—old rum, brandy, wines, bottled ale, &c.—were deposited. I give this description of the premises, because it is necessary for understanding subsequent portions of this narrative; and I should add that, while this Blue Room communicated with the other portion of the house inside, there was also a stone flight of steps outside, leading to the passage through which you had to pass in order to get to the store-room.

We retired to our rooms about ten o'clock. *Snow*, an English dog belonging to my friend, something between a foxhound and a terrier, followed me into my room—a thing she had never done before. Having tucked my mosquito-curtain securely round my bed, I lay down—but not to sleep. It soon began to rain heavily, and thundered and lightened. About midnight, I was startled by *Snow* springing bang through the mosquito-net on to the bed. I kicked her off; but in about ten minutes after she made another bound through a different part of the curtain; and at the same time I became conscious of a most strange noise mingling with the increasing roar of the rain on the wooden shingles of the roof, and the howling of the wind, and the booming of the thunder. (I may as well state here that this gong-like sound was occasioned by some sheet-copper, loosened from a portion of the roof, flapping against the side of the house.) Hurling the dog to the other end of the room, I sprang out of bed in alarm, and thought of arousing my host, to ascertain what this horrible din could mean, for I began to suspect that a hurricane was brewing. Accordingly, I dressed myself; but concluding that the other inmates of the house must be aware of all that was occurring, and fearing lest I should be laughed at next day for having been unnecessarily frightened, I again lay down, though with my clothes on, ready against any emergency. Till about three o'clock, I thus remained in terror, reproaching myself for having so ruthlessly repelled the poor animal, whose instinct had prompted her to give me warning of approaching danger, when my host came to the door and advised me to get up, as the window-shutters of the dining-room were nearly

all blown in, and the principal door was also burst open.

I lost no time in going down, and found the whole household at work with hammers and nails, trying to secure the shutters and door; but all in vain. The dining-table and chairs, and the heavy billiard-table, were all huddled up together in one corner. My friend, on being asked if there were no more nails, told me he had some in his bedroom, and asked me to accompany him up-stairs, which I did; and just as we were about to leave his room, he said: 'I may as well lock the door, in case the wind should force the window in your room;' both chambers being at the eastern end of the corridor, and opposite each other. 'Strange!' said he; 'I cannot lock it. What can be the reason? It always locks so easily. You try.' 'It's of no use,' I said, after making several attempts; 'and I think we had better not stop here any longer.' 'Let me have one more try,' said he. 'No,' I exclaimed; 'I shall not remain any longer.' He begged me not to go. I do not know why, but I stubbornly refused, and moved along the corridor towards the staircase. Reluctantly, he followed; and he afterwards told me that he saw the whole of that portion of the house fall in as he reached the end of the passage. The wind now, however, drowned all other sounds. Just at that instant we met his sisters, and all the servants with their children, in all about twenty; and the two ladies at once suggested that we should take refuge in the Blue Room, as being, in their opinion, the strongest, though the oldest part of the building.

We went to the Blue Room, and I was then asked to read from the Prayer-book; and bawling out at the top of my voice portions of service appointed to be read during a storm at sea, was suddenly brought to a stop by a crash overhead; and in a moment—the room not being ceiled—down came a torrent of choice wines, beer, and spirits on our heads. The roof over the store-room had gone, and part of the wall had fallen in upon the treasures beneath. But what now? All is suddenly hushed! Yes; the storm is over: we are delivered! Praises and thanksgivings were uttered by all. The wind had hitherto come from the north-east, and the window of our little room faced south-west. 'Sometimes,' my host remarked, 'the hurricane, after a pause, returns with redoubled fury from the opposite point. Let us take precautions.'

We fastened the shutters; and with the help of one of the blacks, I placed two large chests, filled with bed and table linen, one on the top of the other, against the door that opened on the steps from the outside. Twenty minutes have elapsed, when—hark! what is that? A sound that could only be compared to the howlings of all the Lost Souls burst upon our affrighted ears, and in an instant the window of our ark burst into the room; the door, which was opposite, was blown outwards, most providentially, for thus a free current was afforded to the blasts. The floor of the store-room above us was tilted up at the farthest extremity, as we discovered by the lightning. Mortar and rubbish were driven into our faces, and our eyes were blinded. A wild shriek of despair from the women, and a frantic rush pell-mell for the door ensued. I shouted as loud as I could 'Come back!' and having lost their shawls and handkerchiefs off their heads, and not being able to see an inch before them, they unwillingly returned; and well for them they did,

for, as we discovered when day dawned, the inside staircase was gone.

All that I have narrated, thus far, occupied about half an hour; but for two hours and a half we stood in darkness, drenched with rain, and chilled to numbness by the wind, praying for help, but expecting death as inevitable from one moment to another. I placed myself as near the window as possible, resolved that when I found the room going, I would make one effort for dear life by jumping from the window. After a while, I became so far calm that I could look Death in the face without fear, and had my attention sufficiently drawn off from myself as to be conscious of what some of those in the room near me were saying. One poor creature repeated the Lord's Prayer over and over again; another recited the Creed; whilst a third most vociferously and earnestly reiterated passages from the Litany. At six o'clock the hurricane ceased, and the sun rose, and we hastened to escape from our perilous position, though, as we descended the steps on the outside, we had to slide down on our haunches, it being even then impossible for us to stand against the force of the blast.

As we reached the little harness-room, which was underneath the Blue Room, a perfect cataract of rain fell for about half an hour, and then all was hushed, and we began to peer about, but could not realise what we beheld—could not believe that the noble mansion of the day before was a heap of ruins—could not understand how it was that there were no trees to be seen; and when I ventured into the garden, and orchard, and neighbouring fields, I found the ground strewn with fragments of spars, rafters, and beams, and studded with wooden shingles, many of them having been hurled high into the air, and dashed to the ground with such violence as to be embedded in it so firmly that I found it impossible to move them.

Poor Snow made her appearance about half an hour after we escaped. She was not hurt, but very much scared and bewildered. So thorough was the smash, that the bedstead I had slept on was never identified by so much as a splinter.

During the following days, we heard the reports from the different districts. Many rushed from their beds as the houses were falling. Two sisters hand in hand were struck down as they fled: in the morning, one found that the other was dead. Delicate women were picked up with their clothes literally torn from them by the violence of the wind. In Bridgetown, the scenes presented by the coloured population, who are extremely demonstrative under excitement, were heart-rending, as they sought loved ones who were missing or buried under the ruins, for in those three hours one thousand seven hundred human beings perished. Hundreds of dwelling-houses were blown down. Not one escaped without damage. Out of thirteen stone churches, eleven were totally levelled with the ground. I saw some with walls four feet thick lying in unbroken masses, cut down about four feet from the foundations. The vessels in the harbour were driven high and dry on shore. A piece of solid mahogany of about four cubic feet was carried from the quay over the roofs of houses, and lodged in the middle of the main street. The chests of linen that I placed against the door were carried the entire length of the passage, about twelve feet, and one was jammed half-way up the

staircase leading to the store-room; the other was deposited in the middle of the store-room floor.

In one spot you would perceive what had been an extensive tenement all in ruins, and beside it, within a few yards, still erect and without injury, some insignificant outbuilding; proving that in these tempests the wind does not blow straight from one point, but comes in a rapid succession of whirlwinds, or tornados, as they are termed. I had further confirmation of this, in observing that trees which were not utterly destroyed, had their limbs twisted corkscrew fashion, such as the tamarind and mahogany trees. The cocoa-nut trees that flourish in these regions, and grow to the height of forty and fifty feet, were demolished by thousands; and the mountain cabbage, a still more majestic palm, reaching an altitude of ninety and a hundred feet, with a girth tapering from the root of three or four yards, was snapped, in many instances, a dozen feet from the ground, as though it had been a twig; whilst many a stately mango tree was prostrated, to say nothing of the other smaller arborets, such as the cashew, the bread-fruit, the plantains, and bananas.

One gentleman whom I knew quitted his dwelling with his wife and four children hand clasped in hand; but no sooner had they got outside the door, than they were all separated, and blown in different directions. At daybreak he began his search, and having first found his wife, they eventually came upon all the children, one after the other, all very cold and wet, but not otherwise injured. It is right to record that parliament voted one hundred thousand pounds for the relief of the sufferers. Had the storm continued with the same violence for three days, instead of three hours, there would not have been a soul left alive to tell 'how the wind blows in Barbados.'

NEW HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

It is well known that in the archives of private families and institutions there are many collections of papers and manuscripts of general public interest, 'a knowledge of which would be of great utility in the illustration of history, constitutional law, science, and general literature.' It was with a view to their publication—of course with their owners' permission—that a Royal Commission was appointed in April of last year to make inquiry as to the places in which these collections were deposited. The first Report of the Commissioners has just been published; and so well have their wishes been responded to, that no less than one hundred and eighty collections have been placed at the disposal of the inspectors appointed to examine them. Mr H. T. Riley and Mr A. J. Horwood were the inspectors for England, Dr John Stuart for Scotland, and Mr J. T. Gilbert for Ireland. As was expected, many curious and interesting documents bearing on the history of the country have been discovered—some of which were supposed to have been lost or destroyed—while the existence of others was wholly unknown even to their owners. We will briefly notice a few of those that are most interesting. First in order in the Report, as well as in numbers and importance, are the documents deposited in the House of Lords—the existence of many of which, and the importance

of all, were accidentally discovered but a short time before the Royal Commission was appointed. They consist for the most part of the original documents referred to in the Journals of the House; and the fact that they are the originals is accounted for by the Lords being never satisfied with a copy of a document offered in evidence or brought under their notice—the production of the original being always required.

Here are the letters of Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria, taken at the battle of Naseby—some in the original handwriting, and some in cipher; also the king's letter to the House of Lords interceding for the life of Lord Strafford. The corrections and alterations in this last letter, made, seemingly, some time after it was written, are curious and very characteristic of the writer, as shewing how much it was against his inclination to ask a favour of the parliament. The well-known postscript, 'If he must Dey, it wer a Charitie to reprivye untill Saturday,' was apparently likewise added afterwards. From the same storehouse, another document of great importance, and which has been missing for some years, has been brought once more to light. This is the original manuscript of the *Book of Common Prayer*, formerly annexed to the statute 13 and 14 Car. II. c. 4. On the re-establishment, at the Restoration, of the worship sanctioned by the Acts of Uniformity of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, Charles II. appointed commissioners to review the *Book of Common Prayer*, and to prepare such alterations and additions as they thought fit to offer. The fair copy of the book as amended and corrected was ordered to be annexed to the act, and so it remained till the beginning of the present century, when it disappeared, and was supposed to have been burned in the fire that destroyed both Houses of Parliament in 1834. When it was found, another volume was found with it, which was entirely unknown, being the original volume with all the manuscript alterations, from which the 'fair copy' above mentioned was made. The declaration and letter of Charles II. addressed to the House of Lords from Breda, and the original petition of Archbishop Laud while in the Tower, have also once more been seen, besides many other most interesting public instruments. As many as 29,507 documents have been arranged and sorted, and more yet remain to undergo the same process.

The Hatton Collection, belonging to the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, is rich in ancient deeds and charters, including fifteen in Anglo-Saxon, one of the Empress Maude, and another of David, Earl of Huntingdon, afterwards king of Scotland. Many of them have seals in good preservation attached to them. At Port Eliot, the seat of the Earl of St Germans, are many valuable papers relating to the civil wars, including the manuscripts by and belonging to Sir John Eliot, which have for the most part been made public by Mr John Forster in his life of that great patriot. There are also seven letters, chiefly on political matters, by Edward Gibbon, the historian, to Edward, first Lord Eliot. Many papers relating to the Gunpowder Plot were discovered in a bundle labelled 'Law Papers,' belonging to Mr Phelps of Montacute House, Somersetshire. They were entirely unknown to the family. Another document relating to the same plot—the narrative of John Forrescue and his wife Helen, with affidavits respecting

the same—copied from the archives of Douai College, was found in the library of Ushaw College, near Durham. In the same library were original letters of Alexander Pope to his sister Mrs Rucket, also his will, dated 12th December 1749. Among the manuscripts at Everingham Park, the seat of Lord Herries, is a magnificent Antiphoner formerly used in the Metropolitan Church at York. It is of the fifteenth century, written on vellum, and still bound in its ancient oaken boards. The religious solemnities peculiar to each festival of the church are given in the rubrics with much detail and precision. The collection also contains, among other interesting papers, the original letter from Lady Nithsdale to her sister, Lady Lucy Herbert, at Bruges, describing her husband's escape from the Tower of London the night before his intended execution.

Lord Mostyn's collection of Newsletters is very interesting, ranging over twenty years—from 1673 to 1692. They are nearly all written from London, and are full of court gossip, city news, foreign intelligence, and occasionally of what was going on in parliament. In these days of telegrams, and when there is hardly a town or village in England that is not kept well 'posted up' in the events of the day, it is somewhat difficult to realise what a godsend one of these letters must have been to many a country gentleman's house, and how eagerly was read the news—though perhaps some weeks old—of the doings of Nell Gwynne, of the Popish Plot, of the trial of the seven bishops, of the birth of the Prince of Wales, son of James II., and known in history as the 'Old Pretender,' of the abdication of James, and of the landing of William of Orange. The parliamentary news was limited. It was long before the days of the Reporters' Gallery, so that a newsman was obliged to have recourse to the gossip of the coffee-houses for his account of the doings of either House, or to the Minutes of Proceedings in the House of Parliament, furnished to him *sub rosa* by the clerks of parliament. The publication of the latter, however, rendered him liable to be had up for breach of privilege.

The Shrewsbury papers, belonging to the executors of Bertram Arthur, Earl of Shrewsbury, are rich in royal and historical letters. Those of Sir Gilbert Talbot, K.G., Deputy-governor of Calais under Henry VII. and Henry VIII., are highly important and interesting. Sir Gilbert's position brought him into direct communication with the courts of France and Burgundy; it was therefore very necessary to keep him well informed of what was going on in England, especially during the time of the Perkin Warbeck conspiracy. Two of Henry VII.'s letters relate to that plot, describing Warbeck's expulsion, and subsequent arrival in Ireland. There are seven letters bearing the signature of Henry VII., and twelve of Henry VIII., besides original documents of Elizabeth of York, Catharine of Aragon, Henry VIII. when Prince Henry, Charles II., and James II. There are also three letters in the handwriting of 'Thomas Wolsey.' A large number of letters were found some few years since behind the wainscot of a room at Trelawne, the seat of Sir John S. Trelawny, Bart.; these and others relate chiefly to the times of the civil wars and of James II. Among them is a copy of the resolutions at Haberdashers' Hall of 13th March 1648, relating to persons to be

excepted, banished, and confiscate. The first four named are Rupert, Charles Stuart, James, Duke of York, and the Earl of Derby.

A letter from the Bishop of Ely, dated December 11, 1688, to Bishop Trelawney (one of the seven imprisoned bishops), tells of the flight of the queen, Marie de Modena, and the Prince of Wales, to Gravesend. 'This minute I received an advice from the Earl of Rochester that the king is secretly withdrawn this morning. God preserve him, and direct us.' The muniments and papers of several colleges in Cambridge were examined; they are chiefly of local interest. In the admission-book of Christ's, under the year 1624, occurs a world-wide name, that of John Milton. In another part of the book is that of his brother, Christopher Milton. The corporation of Coventry has many documents of great value. Its earliest charter is one dated as far back as 1153, from Ranulph, Earl of Chester, 'to his burgesses of Coventry.' Two large folio volumes contain a collection of forty-nine letters from royal, and many more from other distinguished, persons. Among the royal letters is one of Queen Isabel, mother of Edward III.; one from Edward V.; one from Anne Boleyn in 1533, announcing the birth of a princess; and one from that princess when Queen Elizabeth, as to the safe keeping of the Queen of Scots on her way for the north.

In a receiver's book belonging to the corporation of Wells is an account for the entertainment of Judge Jeffreys and four other judges on the 'Bloody Assizes.' Westminster Abbey has papers and documents of great value, but relating chiefly to the estates belonging, or formerly belonging, to that establishment. It seems that the shrine of Edward the Confessor was looked upon as a source of wealth in times of need, as there are several entries relating how the jewels and precious stones with which the shrine was adorned were borrowed by different sovereigns for the purpose of raising money upon them. In Scotland, the most important discovery appears to have been at Buckie, on the coast of the Moray Firth, in seventy-two original letters of Queen Mary of Scotland. Two of these are entirely in the queen's handwriting—the rest being in cipher. The Gordon Papers, belonging to the Duke of Richmond, while containing a large and valuable series of the charters of the numerous lands and baronies possessed by the family, are rich in materials for the history of Scotland. Among the miscellaneous papers are letters from Queen Mary, James VII. (James II. of England), Duke of Montrose, Charles I. and II., Lord Lovat, and from the Duke of Newcastle in 1745, about the Jacobite rising, and describing the state of affairs at the English court, while Prince Charles Edward was in possession of Scotland. In the library of the University of Edinburgh is the original protest of the nobles of Bohemia and Moravia to the Council of Constance in 1415, against the burning of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. In Ireland, the correspondence of Archbishop King, author of the *State of the Protestants in Ireland*, from which Lord Macaulay drew largely in his history of the revolution in Ireland, has been placed at the disposal of the inspector by Dr Lyons of Merriman Square, Dublin. It consists of many hundred letters from 1682 to 1727, from public men both in England and Ireland, on public and other affairs; which tend to throw light on the

somewhat obscure and complicated Irish transactions of that unhappy period.

If the means placed at the disposal of the Commissioners had not been limited, they consider that their labours would have had still larger results. It is to be hoped that in future they may have ample means to enable them—in the language of the Report—'to render a most essential service to the historical student, not only in this country, but throughout the civilised world.'

THE NEMESIS.

IN ELEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

I'd die indeed, if I might see
Her bosom heave, and heave for me.

FIVE times had the swallows repaired their nests under the eaves of Tanyralt—in plain English, five years had passed since the date of the last chapter, and still the house stood empty, deprived of its master. Then there ran a rumour through the land that the young lord was coming back to his own country. The event which preceded and gave rise to this rumour was the death of old Squire Morgan of Penbryn, and a consequent vacancy in the representation of the county. It was a time of great political excitement, and there was a strong opinion, that although the county had been in the hands of the Morgans and Lloyds ever since it was a county at all, yet that an attempt would now be made to wrest the seat from the lords of the soil, and return a representative of the democratic and dissenting interest. It was therefore incumbent on every loyal Welsh landlord to be amongst his own people, to endeavour to stamp out the dangerous doctrines which had been propagated on their domains—especially incumbent on Sir Wyndham, to whom the vacant seat should naturally fall.

Hamlet, who was in his second year at Cambridge, was down for the Easter vacation at his guardian's cottage. He had grown up a fine, tall, dark, handsome lad. The heads of his college had formed a high opinion of his capabilities, especially in mathematics, for which he displayed a remarkable genius. With ordinary application, a high wranglership was within his reach: but the lad was stubborn, wayward, and intractable; and cared nothing for the brilliant prospects before him. He would be a soldier. Why should he waste his life in the caged precincts of a college, whilst youths of his own age were leading men to battle in the plains of the Punjab? Perhaps the influence of his early Indian training had made him contemptuous of mere physical labour, so that he avoided boating, and was never seen in the cricket-field. But in the fencing-room, he was one of Angelo's best pupils; and at billiards he was the crack player of the university. He stands by the side of the schoolmaster on the sands at Aber, watching the tide in its steady beat and flow. They are waiting for sufficient water to float their boat. He is questioning Williams as to the fatal wreck of the *Nemesis*.

'Look here, dad; it's quite evident to me that our father must have been on board that ship.'

'Deed, I don't know, Hamlet. It's not possible to say; there were a dozen of them fine clever men; dear me; pity.'

Hamlet wasn't inclined to look at the matter from the sentimental point.

'What is it I hear the old women sing sometimes—about the old lord and the young one, and how Death spared the old lord's life till the young lord's soul was ready to join him in the land of shadows over the dark sea?'

'Well, the old women sing a deal of nonsense,' said Williams evasively.

'I know more than you think for,' said Hamlet fiercely, taking the schoolmaster by the arm. 'You're deceiving me. It was only yesterday I was having a laugh with pretty Anne Jones, and old Gwen came by leering and sniggering, and she called out in Welsh: "The old blood, the old blood, it will out."'

'The old hag,' said Williams savagely, 'I'll pay her out!'

'Then tell me what you know,' said Hamlet, 'or I shall say you are a liar, like the rest of them.'

'Gently, gently!' said the old man, leaning against the boat; he was quite ghastly looking.

Hamlet's heart smote him. 'Dear old man, forgive me. I know you are true, but you are bound to silence; is it not? But tell me the whole truth; I had better know it from you than from strangers.'

'Well, indeed, Hamlet, I must speak now. Oh, why didn't you let it rest? You are indeed the son of Sir John Lloyd, but it is by a heathen woman, whom he kept as his mistress.'

Williams recoiled in terror from the young Afrite who stood over him, his teeth clenched, and hand uplifted. 'Dog! you would defile my mother's grave!'

'Hollo! what the deuce is the row?' A sharp incisive voice interrupted Hamlet's flow of fury. He turned round and faced the speaker. Unheard and unseen, a horseman and horsewoman had come upon them: a couple of grooms were looking on at a distance.

'A little argument we are having, that's all: I don't know that you're concerned in the matter,' said Hamlet, outwardly cool, but inwardly burning to quarrel with somebody.

'Rather a warm argument, I fancy. Pray, who are you, young man?'

'And who are you?' said the youth hotly.

'Hush!' said the schoolmaster, who had recovered his senses, and now interposed: 'it's Sir Wyndham Lloyd!'

'Indeed, Sir Wyndham, I'm very glad to see you here again. And is this your good lady? Indeed, great reports have come down to our country of the beautiful English damsel our young lord had married; but reports are nothing like the truth. 'Deed, my dear, you're beautiful.'

'Thank you, Mr Williams; I'm very glad you like me,' said Lady Lloyd laughing. 'I hope you won't be disappointed on further acquaintance, that's all. You see, I know you very well by repute.—And this is my husband's young ward, I'm sure; Hamlet, is it not? I hear wonderful things of your doings at Cambridge. My brother Dick swears by you, I think.'

'Come, my dear,' said her husband, who was turning his horse's head away.

'Directly!—Hamlet, you must come and see me to-morrow. I have seen Mona, and like her so

much. Good-bye!' She touched the mare with her heel, and dashed gaily away.

Hamlet stood spell-bound upon the strand, watching the beautiful vision lessening in the distance. Aroused by Williams' croaking voice, he felt as though he had passed into another world in the last few moments. What to him now were old-world stories of the Lloyds and Wynns! Here, on these yellow sands, had come to him a presence, so wonderful and enthralling, that the glamour of it seemed to transform the whole outer world! With a joyous 'Heave oh!' he ran the boat down the shelving beach into the rippling waves, leaped quickly into her as she took the water like a duck, stepped the light mast, shook out the tiny sail; then, whilst Williams, soberly smoking, with the tiller under his arm, kept her full to the wind, Hamlet threw himself across the thwarts, and plunged into a delicious reverie. 'She's a nice boat,' said the schoolmaster to himself—'a very handy boat; very cheap she was too. Five pound I gave for her at the sale of the wreck; and John Thomas of Port Penllyn would have given me two pound for my pargain. She was the captain's gig, the sailors tell me.'

She was a very handy boat, creeping along with the light breeze, eating into the wind as it were. Beyond the popple of the harbour bar, the sea was smooth enough, undulating in an oily unbroken roll. Great masses of white sea-vapour were lazily drifting before the wind, and ever and anon the boat would be lost in the folds of the mist, shooting out again into bright sunshine and glittering waters. The blue mountains of Caerleon, and the bluff heights of the sacred island, were hidden as to their bases by the white clustered clouds, but their glistening peaks and gloomy clefts stood out against the dark blue sky, shining like the mountains of the heavenly horizon.

Hamlet was weaving a wondrous dream—of loving devotion to the fair woman who had rapt his senses—devotion not seeking any reward or satisfaction: only that when as a soldier he should distinguish himself in some deed of desperate valour, she might read with pride of his achievements; only that when his comrades should lay him in the narrow soldier's grave, her eyes long after might be dimmed as she heard of her lover's fate. His own eyes were a little dim as he worked out the catastrophe of his youthful romance; or was it the mist into which they had drifted? a mist which hung not close to the water, but under which you could discern the trough of the long roll of the sea; the dabchicks and sea-mews floating and rising on its swell, making long shadows on the oily waves. Luckily, only a slight mist veiled his eyes, for suddenly a dark mass seemed to rise up upon them from the deep, just to leeward of the nose of their tiny boat, threatening them with instant destruction.

'Luff, dad, luff!' shouted Hamlet to the schoolmaster: he too had been sunk in reverie. The boat shot up into the wind, her sail flapping against the mast, and the great mass glided harmlessly by. She was a clipper bark in full sail.

A man's head popped over the taffrail, grinning: 'Ship ahoy! where do you hail from?'

Old Williams clapped his hands to his mouth, forming a natural speaking-trumpet: 'The *Nemesis* from Hades.'

A weather-beaten face, surmounted by a gold

banded cap, next appeared, glared at them for a moment, horror in the fixed eyes; then the big ship faded away into the mist.

Williams exploded into a paroxysm of chuckles. 'I frightened the captain finely, then, I think. 'Deed, that was very good—*Nemesis* from Hades; he, he, he!'

Mona met the schoolmaster and her brother on the beach. They had had a long pull home, and Hamlet was rather sulky in consequence, not being fond of hard work.

'What are you looking at, Hamlet?' said his sister as she caught his eye, which had been ranging critically over her.

'Oh, nothing! only, Mona, don't you think you could manage to get a hat not quite so dowdy?'

'Willingly, if I had the money, but that is wanting, my lord.—Ah, I know what it is; you are comparing me with the beautiful Lady Lloyd; she who has everything so bright and pretty about her: but oh, Hamy, I shall never, never look as she does! I must have heaps of money, and nothing to do, and a maid to help me, before I should look half so nice, and then I shall never be half so handsome.'

No, Hamlet didn't think his sister ever would be so beautiful as Lady Lloyd. But in reality there was in the angular, unformed figure of his sister, in her gaunt face and eager, passionate eyes, greater capabilities of grace and beauty, than in the plump, rounded proportions and piquant face of Isabel Lloyd. But it did seem hard to Hamlet that everything about him should be so coarse and dowdy, after the glowing vision of the morning: he sitting down to homely delf and thick bread and butter; she banqueting daintily amid crystal and flowers, and bright lights and ministering servants. And yet, Hamlet was Spartan enough in his thoughts; had no envy in his heart for pomp and luxury. It was the sordidness and ugliness of his life, not its simplicity, which made his bread gritty in his teeth. And then he was just in the peacock stage of life, when youth loves to brave and ruffle it in the eyes of Beauty.

In this mood, it was with no gratified feelings that he heard outside the cottage of the schoolmaster the cheery voice of Dick Molyneux, who, be it known, is the brother of Lady Lloyd, and of Trinity College, Cambridge. 'Hollo! prince, prince! where are you?'

A moment afterwards, the long hulking figure of Dick appeared in the outer doorway of the cottage, which opened directly into the little sitting-room. He was dressed in fishing tweed, wearing a wide-awake hat, covered with a swarm of artificial flies, and had a short black clay pipe in his mouth. The pipe and hat he removed when he saw Mona, who was pouring out the tea. 'Introduce me, Hamlet.'

Hamlet, his mouth full of bread and butter, sat stupidly staring and getting very red in the face.

The schoolmaster jumped up and placed a chair for Dick. 'Indeed, we're very pleased to see you, sir: sit down and have a cup of tea with us.—This is my wife, and this is Miss Wyndham.'

'Yes, do sit down and have tea,' said Mrs Williams; 'it's a very plain, but it's very clean.'

'Thank 'ee,' said Dick, 'I will; and straightway fell to on the bread and butter.'

I don't know what Dick's subsequent performances at the dinner-table at Tanyralt might have

been, but the piles of bread and butter he contrived to put away, astonished even placid Mrs Williams; although, whenever she saw his supply falling short, she set Mona to work to cut and spread, she murmuring the while: 'Now, do try to eat, sir—try to eat; it's very plain, but it's very clean.' Perhaps the fact that Mona cut the bread and butter, accounted for Dick's performances; for not being blinded with his sister's beauty, he formed a very different opinion of Mona from that of her brother.

'Try to eat, my dear Mrs Williams! I've tried all I know. If I've failed, it isn't for want of the will.'

'But try to eat a little more; do now, sir, try to eat.'

'Aunt,' interposed Mona, 'perhaps Mr Molyneux is training for a boat-race, and so is restricted in his diet; if so, you mustn't tempt him.'

Hamlet sat glowering in his corner; he didn't relish Dick's free-and-easy way: there was too much of the lord and retainer about it to suit him; and he vowed in his heart that he would follow Dick out, and punch his head, regardless of consequences; but Dick saved himself.

'Hamlet!' he cried, 'on my soul, I was nearly forgetting what I came down for. Bella wants you to go up to Tanner's what'd'ycallum early to-morrow, by ten at latest. She's mad about doing some fairs for the church—Easter decorations, you know, and she's got it into her head that because you're a geometrical genius, you'll be a don at making squares and triangles and such-like. I'm blessed if I'd go, if I were you. Far better come with me and fish Llyn Caerinion; I shall start at three o'clock in the morning.—You won't? Then I shall tell Bella you're coming. Good-bye.—Mrs Williams, may I come and have tea with you another night?'

'O yes, indeed. But you've eaten nothing—you've eaten nothing.'

'Fair play to him; he hasn't done so badly,' said the schoolmaster, regarding the broken fragments of the loaf.

CHAPTER V.

Oh, dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill, is this the kirk,
Is this mine own countree?

The baronet of Tanyrallt sat in his own study, with papers and inkstand before him, biting his pen and frowning at his task. He was preparing his election address. He had got as far as 'Gentlemen,' and there he stuck. It wasn't till he tried to describe his principles on paper, that he found how very hazy and indistinct those principles actually were; for he was really aiming at a little originality. He had determined to indite an address which should be terse, epigrammatic, and free from platitudes. The only sentence he had succeeded in framing was this: 'My attachment to the principles of church and state, and my devotion to the glorious constitution of the country whose flag has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze, are too well known to require'—What? Elucidation? No; that wouldn't do. Description? Hardly. 'Bah!' he said, tearing the sheet, and throwing it into the fire; 'stupid, old nonsense. If I can't write better than that, I may use

the address they sent me down from the club.' He watched the paper burning on the fire: part of it floated up the chimney; and that set him a-thinking of the paper which had flown up the chimney years ago; and he wondered if that piece had gone to find the old one. Funny, too, he should think of that. What a funk he had been in then, and how well it had all turned out. It really was very improbable that that youngster was anything to him. Gad! it had given him a start too, when he saw the young fellow standing there, bullying the schoolmaster, just by the boat which had painted on its stern the *Nemesis*. He'd buy that boat of Williams, and have it broken up.

His valet came in noiselessly, and laid a card by his master's elbow; it was a big, thick card, and had a smudge of tar upon one corner—'Captain Evan Pugh.'

'I don't know him,' said Sir Wyndham snappishly. 'What does he want?'

'He wishes particular to see you, sir. Seafaring man, I should say, sir.'

'See what he wants, Wilkins.'

The valet disappeared, and presently returned. 'He won't say his business, Sir Wyndham; but I was to say he was sure you would see him, if I told you, the *Nemesis*.'

Sir Wyndham quivered a little, for all his self-control, looked rather white and streaky for a moment, under his mask of healthy tan. 'I'll see him, Wilkins,' he said at length.

The baronet stared at his visitor as he entered; he stood respectfully by the doorway, caressing the band of his cap. 'Come forward, and tell me your business, and be as quick as possible, as my time is very much taken up.'

'Yes, sure,' said the seaman, 'I'll be as quick as I can, Sir Baronet. It's a job I don't like to tell you about, Sir Baronet, for I feel a good deal ashamed of what I've got to say. But the upshot of the matter is, that I've got to ease my conscience, and this is how it is. You see this letter, Sir Baronet?' He produced an old yellow letter, written on foreign paper, and sealed with a large red seal. It was tattered, torn at the creases, and though it had been kept carefully wrapped up in oiled silk, it smelled strongly of tar and tobacco. 'Have the kindness to read the direction, sir.'

'Sir John Lloyd, Bart., Tanyrallt.—There's no such person here,' said Sir Wyndham; 'and if you've got a petition, or anything of that kind, I've really so many calls upon me, that I can't give you anything.'

'Diaoul, I don't come a-pegging,' said the seaman getting angry and Welsh. 'Deed, I'm captain of the *Mary Ann*, and I own four ounces* of her too, and I've got money in the bank, too, Sir Baronet.'

'Have you got a vote for the county?' said Sir Wyndham, laughing at the Welshman's temper.

'Deed, yes, I have, Sir Baronet.'

'Well, then, give me the promise of it, and set your conscience at rest; and as for this old letter, it isn't for me; and as it seems to have gone a-begging a long while, I'll stick it in the fire, if it's no use to you.'

'No, no, Sir Baronet. That's what I was coming to. There was a Sir John Lloyd when that letter was written, for it was written the week

* Sixteenth shares, or 4-64ths, generally called 'ounces' by the seafaring Welsh.

before the *Nemesis* was lost, and I'll tell you how. I was second-mate of the *Nemesis*; a clever ship she was, too, bound from Bombay to Liverpool, with a cargo of cotton. But we were knocked about in the Bay of Biscay by nasty baffling winds from the nor'-east; and it was there I fell out of the rigging and broke my arm; and so the captain put into Brest, and he landed me there, because I'd a fancy to see my sister, she that was servant to the English consul, and there was nobody in the ship to set my arm. We'd got our owner on board, sir, I forgot to tell you; he was a countryman of ours, Sir Baronet, and his name was Lloyd. He'd been serving in the army among the Turks or heathens, and he was coming home to his own country with his two children; they were nice young things too. He and I had many a long yarn as we walked the deck in the still starry nights in the tropics, and he told me a deal about his old home in Wales, and his father, who'd disowned him, and how he'd been prisoner among the savages, and a deal more that I forget. Well, to make a long story short, Sir Baronet, I was put ashore at Brest in the captain's own gig, and Mr Lloyd came in her too; but he wouldn't land: he handed me a letter, that very one you have before you, and he said: "Evan, post this letter for me: we'll be knocking about long enough in the Channel, I daresay, and I'll send word I'm coming." Well, indeed, I'm not much to blame in the matter; it was my sister's fault. She ripped my jacket right off me, when she found my arm was broken. A beautiful new jacket she was, and my sister cut the sleeve right up. I put it away at the bottom of my chest, and didn't see it again till about a year after at New Orleans, where a darkey wanted to trade for some old clothes, and then I pulled out this jacket, and found the letter in the breast-pocket. Indeed, I was vexed, Sir Baronet, and yet, I wouldn't post it then, for I'd heard that the *Nemesis* was wrecked, and all hands lost, and I didn't like to send a dead man's letter, that's the truth, indeed. But I kept it by me all the time, thinking I should be coming back to my country again; but, indeed, I don't think I ever should have brought it, if it wasn't for a fright I had. I'm master now, Sir Baronet, of the *Mary Ann*. I own four ounces of her myself—yes, indeed. I came from New York to London with a cargo of notions; and then I came round to Caerleon in ballast, to take in a cargo of slates for Pernambuco, and as I was working across the bay, I stood in closer than I ought, perhaps, but I wanted to catch a sight of my old mother's cottage on the hill above Aber. Well, Sir Baronet, said the seaman, sinking his voice, and approaching the table, "while we was cruising about in a bit of a fog, my first-officer says to me: "We'd better be going about, captain: it was just here the *Nemesis* went ashore;" and with that we heard a shout, and the mate put his head over the taffrail, and he calls out "Ship ahoy!" in a lark, like, as I thought; and what do you think they hailed back to us?" The captain spoke in a hoarse whisper, big drops of sweat standing on his brow: "'The *Nemesis* from H—.'" It wasn't just that word, Sir Baronet, but they don't speak our language there, very likely. As I am a living and sinful man, when I looked over the ship's side, there was the captain's gig—she'd got the *Nemesis* painted on her stern—and there was the captain sitting in the stern sheets, and Mr Lloyd a-lounging on the

thwarts, just as I saw them six years ago at Brest. O Amwyl dad, I hope never to see such a sight again." The seaman sank into a chair unbidden, and wiped his wet brow. "Were they all lost, Sir Baronet," he said—"little children and all?"

Sir Wyndham looked at the fated letter, his face overclouded with the shadow of coming evil: "All lost!"

Hamlet had not failed to keep his tryst with the fair baronette. (Am I right, Sir B. Burke?) He was a little disappointed when he found in the breakfast-parlour, which Lady Lloyd had appropriated as her own salon, only the long, tall figure of the rector of Llandylfryn, his old tutor. The parson pounced at once upon him, put him through his scholastic paces, eagerly sought all the news from the university, curiously cross-questioned him as to the Dons, his old comrades. Now, Hamlet hated Dons, and was greatly relieved when Lady Isabel (*pace* Burke) danced into the room aglow with health and spirits. The rector was not enthusiastic about the proposed decorations.

"So kind of you to think of us, Lady Lloyd; only, please, no crosses. I believe the doctor would join the dissenters to-morrow, if there were any crosses." "Dear me, Mr Jones, and is the doctor only to be consulted?"

"Well, my dear Lady Lloyd, I think if the doctor left us, I should have to shut up shop. As it is, my own children and the doctor's make up a good congregation of themselves; and you know you only come down once every five years, Lady Lloyd."

"We shall mend that now," she said. "I mean Wyndham to come down every year; and as for the doctor, leave him to me. I mean to have crosses and flowers on the altar, and everything nice.—You'll stand by me, Hamlet, won't you?"

Yes, Hamlet would stand by her in that, as in everything else. And they set to work with cardboard, and wood, and nails, and string, to form the framework of their devices. Presently, they had to go to the church to take some measurements, Isabel tying a handkerchief over her sunny locks, and taking Hamlet's arm with a sort of sisterly freedom that made Hamlet tingle all over. "We'll give old Jones the slip," she said; "he's so awfully prosy. O Hamlet, can you ever fancy yourself growing up into a dried old mummy like him?"

"I'll never be a parson, Lady Lloyd, although Sir Wyndham says I must. I mean to be a soldier."

"Oh, that's so much nicer. I don't like parsons, the young ones, I mean. I know a bishop or two perfectly delightful.—But you mustn't call me Lady Lloyd, Hamlet, because I consider that we are relations, though not in blood—by adoption from the sea. Suppose you call me aunt—Aunt Isabel!"

"No; I'm hanged if I do," said Hamlet; "that is, I beg your pardon."

"Oh, don't apologise; Dick says things a deal worse than that.—Then you won't call me Aunt Isabel? Do you know that's very unkind!"

"If I might drop the aunt, and call you Isabel," said Hamlet doubtfully.

"On my word," she said with a merry laugh, "you're improving, Master Hamlet. Considering all things, your manners for a boy are not so bad. But tell me, sir, would Catherine Wynn approve

of your calling me Isabel? See, I know more than you think for, Hamlet. No, on the whole, I think you'd better call me Aunt Lloyd.'

Sir Wyndham heard their voices as they passed over the lawn and through the flower-garden—heard them with a curious mixture of feelings. He had begun to hate that dark-faced boy with the flashing eyes—to hate him, and fear him a little.

The seafaring man was down-stairs in the library, refreshing himself with beef and ale. The direful letter lay yet unopened by Sir Wyndham's side. He broke the seal. The letter fell to pieces in his hands, and he had to fit the fragments together as he remembered as a boy piecing a dissected map; for it was necessary that he should know the contents of the letter—he, and no other living soul. The letter was joined at last, and he read:

OFF BREST.

MY DEAR FATHER—After so many years of silence, my writing must seem to you a voice from the grave. But I still live. And after so many years of sorrow, I have learned to forgive. Have you learned the same lesson, O my father?—I sometimes hope you have. You know, perhaps, the history of my life for the first few years after I left you mad in your anger—I madder still in my unfilial frenzy—how, as a private soldier, I enlisted in the — Foot, and sailed for India. Had you traced out my fate, you would have been told probably that I was killed at the siege of Ghuznee, in that wretched Afghan campaign. I have no time now to tell you the story of my capture by the Afghans, my escape from death, and my adventures afterwards. Enough that, in the course of time, I found myself a trusted servant of Dost Mohammed, far from desiring to return to the drudgery of the life of a soldier in the ranks, even though I had earned the stripes of a sergeant-major.

Dost Mohammed had a daughter: her I married secretly, according to the rites of our own church, though performed by a parson who, to save his life, had abjured his religion. The fierce Mohammed discovered the secret, sent me a prisoner to Herat, with the chief of which he was then at amity. There I worked as a slave on the fortifications, till my wife, urged by a devotion stronger than death, deeper than the grave, found me out after hardships innumerable. By her aid I escaped. We made our way, Heaven knows how, to the Punjab, and there, protected by a chieftain of the Sikhs, we passed many happy years of life. Never would I willingly have left my retirement, no, not even to seek your forgiveness, my father, but I lost her, and with her every hope in life, except for the welfare of my children. They naturally born under Indian influences, brought up by native servants, lack many things I would wish them to have. I am bringing them home, and I hope to give my boy an education to fit him for the position he must one day occupy as the lord of Caerinion, and your successor.

I sometimes almost hope that I may find you poor and solitary; for I am very rich, and I would like to make the old Hall once more the hospitable gathering-place of our tribe, to bring back wealth and plenty to your declining years. But however I may find you, I hope not to die till you have withdrawn your curse, and laid your hand upon my head in forgiveness.—Ever your affectionate son,

JOHN LLOYD.

CHAPTER VI.

'Am I my brother's keeper?'

Sir Wyndham sat for a long while, his chin resting on his hands: he was sunk in deep thought. He had been a little touched by his brother's letter; had thought for a moment what a happy thing it would have been if his brother had come home safe. The fall would have been nothing to him then, but now, all his being was dependent on its accidents: he couldn't live as a poor man. The natural instinct of self-preservation—so he told himself—justified him in any means of warding off a blow so fatal. Six years ago, he might have resigned the headship of his house to an elder brother, confident that what was fairly his would be made over to him, and that, although he would have lost his title and landed dignity, he would still have remained with sufficient wealth. But to resign his kingdom to that half-fledged boy, that son of a nigger—so, in his pride of race, he thought, of a prouder race than his—to be dependent for salvation from ruin on that saucy stripling—no, anything rather than that—any fraud, any crime. He could not help seeing that there was great danger involved in any course open to him. The seaman, returning to his native village, would surely chatter of the lost *Nemesis*, would surely hear of the survivors of the wreck, would detect the lie that he had thoughtlessly spoken; and once in contact with young Hamlet, Sir Wyndham foresaw that the train would be fired which would hurl him from his eminence. And yet, could he possibly get rid of this Evan Pugh? No; the days were gone by when any one of his servants would cut the man's weasand at his command. Should he bribe him? No. Either the man would be too faithful to be accessible to bribery, or too faithless to be worth retaining.

He must get rid of Hamlet. Send him off on some pretext. Useless that: old Williams would be sure to keep him informed of all that passed at Aber. The one course which promised to give him present safety was this: if he could satisfy Hamlet that he was the illegitimate son of John Lloyd, the difficulty would be solved. It would be to Hamlet's interest then to inquire no further, to suffer the secret of his birth to remain hidden. But how could he satisfy Hamlet on that point, so satisfy him as to prevent his making any further research? Only in this one way: only by shewing him a record of the lie written by the dead hand of his father; and the loose wording of John's letter gave him the opportunity. 'They naturally born under Indian influences;' why, it only needed a comma after the 'born' to alter the meaning of the sentence. The other portions of the letter there was no need to shew him.

'If you please, Sir Wyndham,' said the valet again appearing, 'the printer is waiting to see you about the address.'

'Confound the address! I had forgotten it. I haven't written a line of it, and it must be out to-morrow. Tell him to wait an hour, Wilkins; and when the sea-captain has finished his lunch, bring him here.'

Sir Wyndham sat down to compose his address. I think that strong excitement of any kind stimulates the nervous power to extraordinary effort: the task which the baronet had found so difficult

at first, now seemed easy to him. And yet there was one thing which bothered him and worried him so much that he could not write. His study was close to the north angle of the house, and from it there was a door into his dressing-room. The window of his dressing-room was opened wide, and through it there came a sound of great twittering of swallows. The old birds were urging upon their young brood to venture their first flight; the youngsters clinging to their nest, shrilly remonstrated on the dangers of the air. There was such a gabblement and uproar on a tiny scale, that there was no wonder that it jarred on the baronet's already irritated nerves.

'Wilkins,' he shouted to his man, 'can't you stop that cursed twittering?'

'Yes, Sir Wyndham,' replied the man, grinning with delight. He had a grudge against those swallows, on the score of shiny hat and smooth broadcloth, I suppose; at all events, he went about his work with fiendish alacrity; took a long stick, and destroyed the nests within reach of the dressing-room window.

Hamlet and Isabel, returning from the church, were witnesses of the raid upon the swallows' homes: saw the little fledgelings fluttering to the ground, the parent birds swooping round, screaming woe and despair. Isabel ran and picked up the little downy nestlings, placing them in her bosom. 'Poor little things! Who could be so cruel? Ah! I see. Wilkins, you shall leave the house to-day for this.'

Hamlet looked on rather puzzled; he had robbed too many nests in his day to understand Isabel's distress. As he stood idly, with his foot turning over the wreck of the nests, he saw a piece of paper sticking out from one of the half-broken spheres: he picked it up, glanced at it carelessly, then read it eagerly, the colour glowing in his dusky face. He took out his note-book; placed the paper carefully therein. As he turned, he found Wilkins at his elbow.

'Sir Wyndham wishes to speak to you at once, sir.'

There had been a domestic breeze between the baronet and his wife. Sir Wyndham was not a cruel man—would not knowingly have suffered the nests of breeding birds to be disturbed; but, the thing done, he wasn't going to part with an old servant, who suited him exactly, for the sake of a few swallows. Sir Wyndham had been hitherto very kind and gracious to his girl-wife. She was his, and it was therefore necessary that she should be treated with all the tenderness he could assume. At the same time, he didn't intend that anything should interfere with his own pursuits and inclinations; and the idea of going through the disagreeable process of acclimatising himself to a new servant for a whim of his wife's, seemed absurd to him. So Lady Lloyd retired discomfited from the struggle, her anger still unsubdued.

This little episode had not improved the baronet's temper; but he knew the importance of the coming interview with Hamlet, and nerved himself for the struggle. He seated himself with his back to the window, placed a chair for Hamlet on which the light should fully fall, spread out before him the tattered sheet of his brother's letter, and awaited the crisis of his life. He shook Hamlet cordially by the hand. 'Didn't know you yesterday; sit down, please. I want you to make me a fair copy of this address; the printer is waiting for it.'

Hamlet sat down and copied the address.

'Hamlet,' he said, the task finished, 'I sent for you that we might talk over your future career. It has struck me that perhaps I was wrong in wishing you to go into the church. My idea was this: to a nameless man, the church affords at once an acknowledged position. It would, besides, enable you to provide a fitting home for your sister at an early period.'

Hamlet was a little shaken. After all, he spoke well, this aristocrat. Had he himself been selfish and overbearing? He had thought a good deal about his own career, but he was forced to confess to himself that he hadn't thought about his sister. As for his devotion to the fair Isabel, and his desire to distinguish himself in her eyes, he couldn't expect the baronet to sympathise with that; so he held his peace, and let Sir Wyndham go on.

'I am afraid your temper, my boy, is too fiery to adapt you for the church. To soothe old women, to minister to young maidens (though the latter task might be a pleasant one), would be offices not suitable for you to undertake.'

Hamlet grinned: he had fancied this man a ferocious prig—possibly he mightn't be a bad fellow.

'Now for the army. I have sufficient interest to get you a direct commission. This interest I will exert in your behalf: on one condition—I'll have no idling; no hanging about making love to young girls. Give me your word that you will go up to London by the first coach to-morrow morning, and then to a crammer, whose address I will give you; and I will defray your expenses, and secure you a commission.—And I'll take care it shall be in a West India regiment,' he added to himself.

Hamlet hesitated for a moment. 'You are very kind, Sir Wyndham. I should at once close with your very generous offer; but have I heard the whole of your proposed communication?'

'I've only this to say: have you had any ideas put into your head as to your supposed birth and parentage?'

'Only by Schoolmaster Williams, who told me some wild story: I wrung it out of him; but I don't believe it a whit.'

'Was it to the effect that you and your sister were illegitimate children of John Lloyd, my brother?'

Hamlet nodded. He couldn't trust himself to speak.

'I'm sorry to say that there is now no doubt on the matter. In a most singular and mysterious way, a letter has been brought to me, written by my late brother to my late father. The greater part of the letter refers to sad family scandals which don't concern you. I would have you cherish a respectful memory of your father, and so I won't refer to them further. But at the end of the letter he alludes to you. See, read it for yourself.'

Hamlet stood beside the baronet pale and trembling. Sir Wyndham pointed with his finger to the top of the second page of the letter, and bade him read.

'Read it to me,' said Hamlet hoarsely; 'I can't see.'

Sir Wyndham felt a little pity for his victim as he read out: "'My children, naturally born, and brought up under such influences.'—You see, my points, my dear boy, to the influence of your

mother. I don't want to wound you, my boy, but he goes on to say that he is going to bring you to England, to remove you from such influences.' Sir Wyndham paused: the letter had done its work, had crushed out life and hope from that young soul. To clinch a little tighter on him the cruel conviction, the baronet added gently: 'He says in a former part of his letter that he was never married.'

'You're a lying scoundrel!' cried Hamlet: 'I see through your baseness.'

Sir Wyndham's head sank on his breast for a moment. Yes, he *was* a lying scoundrel; he felt it in his heart: he couldn't gainsay it. He recovered himself presently: rang the bell. 'Wilkins, shew this person to the door.'

Hamlet followed him without a word. But as he passed Lady Lloyd's boudoir, the door of which was open, he saw her sitting at the table at work on her ecclesiastical decorations. She called to him: 'Hamlet, where have you been? You are very lazy. Set to work at once.'

Hamlet entered the room. 'I can't help you, unfortunately, Lady Isabel.'

'I'm not Lady Isabel; I'm not an earl's daughter: you should learn the *convenances*, Hamlet.'

Hamlet saw that she had been crying, although she spoke so gaily now, and in his heart he longed to comfort her, if he only knew how. 'I can't stop, for I've had a desperate row with Sir Wyndham.'

'*N'importe*; so have I, Hamlet. You must help me.'

'I should so like to help you, dear lady, but I can't stop in this man's house. Good-bye; you've been very kind to me.'

Isabel pouted, shrugged her shoulders, turned away from him. As Hamlet moved away, he caught the glistening eye of Wilkins, who was looking through the half-opened door.

'Beg your pardon, sir,' said Wilkins to his master afterwards, 'but do you think that young person is honest?'

'Why do you ask?'

'Because, Sir Wyndham, I saw him with a document of some sort or other in his hand, which he'd picked up off the ground; and he put it in his pocket-book; and he started so when he saw me, I thought it might be something which had been blown out of your study window, sir.'

'Did you see what the paper was, Wilkins?'

'It was an old tattered scrap, but I just caught a glimpse of the writing over his shoulder. It was a certificate of something, I could read—I certify—and marriage.'

'I have missed a paper of that kind, Wilkins, but I never could have suspected the lad of taking it.'

Was it possible, the baronet thought, that the paper lost so long had fallen into the very hands in which it would be most fatal to him? If so, that explained Hamlet's giving him the lie. Fool that he was, not to have let well alone! If Hamlet had the paper, it must be got from him at all risks. A man in his position could well afford a little lawlessness in form of law. 'Wilkins, take the dog-cart, and drive to Colonel Morgan's, and ask him, with my compliments—stay, I'll give you a note to ask him to sign a warrant to apprehend Hamlet Wyndham; and when you've got it, take Jones

the police-officer, and bring the young man here to be examined. Don't lose a moment.'

Hamlet had strolled leisurely towards Aber, thinking gloomily of the future. He did not conceal from himself that in quarrelling with his patron he had probably sacrificed all his prospects in life; that the career for him now was a struggle for bare subsistence; to be a clerk in a slate quarry or the overseer of a mine the utmost of his ambition. But the sun was bright and warm, and he was young. There was a sunny sheltered nook among the rocks just over his head; he would rest there for a while and think. From his nook, he had a wide prospect of sea and land. In the immediate foreground, the gray massive towers of a castle of royal Edward's time crowned the rugged promontory, set in the glittering waters of the bay. The back-ground was of mountains, glowing in the brightness of their spring-tide verdure, or dark with rifts and chasms of primeval rock. Above them all rose the purple crest of Yollyddfa, his summit veiled in fleecy cloud. To the left, a bold coast of cliff and headland lost itself in the light haze of glowing sun and sea.

'How bountiful is nature,' Hamlet thought, 'how grand our inheritance! But for the brutal incubus of pride and luxury and false dignities, how boundless the wealth of our possessions!' Hamlet opened his note-book, took out the paper he had found, and read it carefully over. It was his only possession; the charter of his free birth. He didn't deceive himself; he knew that this paper was of small avail; that even as a clue it didn't promise much; it didn't even shew the place at which the marriage was celebrated. But to him it was everything. It rehabilitated him in his own esteem. The world might scorn him, but he should not despise himself. He heard the clatter of hoofs, and saw the dog-cart from Tanyrallt driving rapidly up. The men in the dog-cart saw him and stopped. Wilkins was one of them. He called to Hamlet: 'Please to come here.'

'Come to me, if you want to speak to me,' said Hamlet. Wilkins scrambled out of the dog-cart and up the rocky bank.

'You're to come with me, young man, to Colonel Morgan's.'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean you're to come before a magistrate, to be examined for stealing a paper from master's study.'

Hamlet was a lad somewhat slow of speech, but very quick with his hands. Like a flash of light, his left arm was thrown out, and as Wilkins staggered under the blow, Hamlet followed it up with an equally effective delivery from his right shoulder. Wilkins curled up like a rabbit before the fatal double-barrel, and came to the ground all of a heap.

'*Dacw vo, dacw vo!*' shouted the man who was in the driver's seat: 'that's it: the old blood, the old blood!' He was one of the Welsh helpers, you see, and hated the English servants.

'Quick, Master Hamlet, run for it; they'll put you in prison if you don't!' But Hamlet stood over the prostrate serving-man glowering with passion.

Another vehicle had driven up in the interval. It was the doctor's four-wheeled chaise, and held Dr Wynn himself and his daughter Catherine.

'Hamlet, Hamlet, what's the matter?'

'Oh, I've been thrashing a saucy rascal of a servant. I'm only sorry it isn't his master.'

'Dacw vo, dacw vo!' shouted the driver in ecstasy.

'Why, it's Sir Wyndham's man,' cried the doctor, hugely pleased. 'Griffiths, you'd better pick him up, and carry him home. I don't think he's hurt,' said the doctor, going up to him and turning back his eyelids. 'No; he's only shamming; pick him up, Griffiths.'

Wilkins indeed, prostrate amongst deadly foes, thought the safest plan was to feign insensibility. But Hamlet was not satisfied, and helped to place him carefully in the dog-cart.

'I'm sorry I hit him, doctor: he was only doing his master's bidding.'

'Never mind the rascal,' cried the doctor: 'come, jump up, quick; you'd better come home with me. If you've got Sir Wyndham for your enemy, you must look out for squalls. You'll be safe at Henhafod, but nowhere else in the county.'

'Do come,' said Catherine: she was pale and trembling all over. Hamlet jumped up into the hind seat of the carriage, which rolled away towards Henhafod.

A DIARY IN JAPAN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

YEDO, 4th February (Friday).

THIS morning we wished to visit the pleasure-grounds of the Tycoon, where the Duke of Edinburgh lived while here. We were told that a permit could be got at the custom-house; so we went there, and found over the place an inscription in English: 'Place of Meeting of Merchants.' A very polite official addressed us in broken English, and said: 'We sharged that place before, but now foreign affairs sharge it' [have charge of it]; 'but I not believe foreigners can agree to go' [be allowed to go]. So off we trudged to the Downing Street of Yedo. Before entering the house, we heard a cry as of a name rapidly transmitted from one official to another, as if to announce some great personage; and immediately a tremendous swell in green satin, with a huge black night-cap, came up riding a gaily caparisoned pony. Its trappings of red and gold were a sight; and it had its long tail put in a green cotton bag. The stirrups were heavy iron slippers turned up at the toes. As soon as this swell got off his pony on the wrong side (on which all Japanese mount, like so many sailors on shore), all his followers flopped down on their heels, and remained there till he had well shaken himself and walked into the palace. We followed at a humble distance, and were asked to stay in a room fitted up in European style with a table and chairs. Having stated our business to two officials, they disappeared, to lay it before their superiors. Meantime, basins of charcoal to warm our hands, and smaller vessels for lighting cigars and pipes, were brought in, followed by tea for all of us. A small boy brought the entertainment in instalments, and kneeled down every time on entering and leaving the room. Finally, the officials returned, and explained in English that the castle of the Tycoon could never be seen, and the pleasure-grounds only on application to the British minister. I tried to impress them with a Foreign Office passport, and

mentioned that this document was from the master of the British envoy at Yedo; but it was no use. They were very polite: but as Sir Harry Parkes does not happen to be in Yedo, we gave it up, and contented ourselves with walking round the grounds of the Tycoon's castle. Here, between one circumvallation and another, between one moat and wall and another, I was told that barrack-room for 200,000 soldiers was provided. The place covers seven miles, and the barracks stretch for acres; so the most fabulous figures seem possible. Still, this Tycoon, after the loss of a battle, had to clear out of the place, and lives now in banishment; the soldiers are all sent into the country; and the huge camp is a howling wilderness. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

However, they say there will be another fight this year, and the Tycoon will come back. I certainly shall not hinder him.

Returning by the official quarter, we saw lovely costumes: officers in green, gray, mauve, and red, with high nightcaps, with flat pancakes, and with round baskets—ponies with their tails in green, blue, and red bags: priests as like all the Italian order of monks as can be. What a field for a painter! I saw materials for a hundred pictures to-day.

This afternoon, I went to some shops to make some purchases. I took a Chinese interpreter from the hotel with me, and he forgot to leave a little European dog at home, a half-bred terrier. What between the dog, the Chinese, and myself, we raised the town, and were followed by large crowds wherever we went; so much so, that they surrounded a large shop in such a dense mass, that I could not see the colours of the silks they shewed me, and we had to move to a back room, where light was let in from above. I saw most beautiful silks, and expect to buy some to-morrow.

Just come home from the French restaurant. Great excitement in the town. A row and battle between yakonins, and five men reported killed.

YOKOHAMA, Saturday, 5th February.

A chilly day, with a Scotch mist. The morning was spent in endless negotiations with some silk-merchants. Things appear to me to be outrageously dear, but it ended in my buying four hundred rios, or about seventy-five pounds, worth of silks, crapes, &c. I trust they will be considered a success at home. Colours and material appeared to me to be splendid.

At about 3 P.M., we drove back to Yedo, which we reached about half-past six.

After dinner, we went to the German Club, to hear an amateur concert of the members, who sang and played their best. Least said, soonest mended.

YOKOHAMA, Sunday, 6th February.

Alas! it pours in torrents. We were to have started to-day or to-morrow for an excursion on horseback to Daiboots, and the famous temple at Kamakura, but I fear I shall die without seeing these places, for the weather-wise say the rainy season has set in for good, and that it will now rain for six weeks. It is curious that, wherever one goes, there is somehow a rainy season or its equivalent, or the season is quite abnormal, and nobody ever remembers such heat or such cold. Never mind; it appears I have been extremely fortunate in the weather for my trip to

Yedo, and, for what we have received, the Lord make us truly thankful! The worst is, that this rain changes the roads into quagmires; and as to Kassanawa and Kamakura, there is no carriage-road; one has only the choice of a *kango*, or sedan, slung on a pole, and carried by coolies, or a wade through the mud on horseback. I feel inclined to make a dash for it on horseback, but I cannot go alone, and hardly think I shall get anybody to share the delights of this excursion while the deluge lasts.

I went out this afternoon with Mr Charles A., and nearly ruined myself in lacker-ware, bronzes, and charms at Musashiya's Curio Store. Everything is fearfully dear, and I fancy the prices are much higher than in London, still one cannot return empty-handed. It would have been much more economical to have had no friends, as without their aid I couldn't have bought a thing. The negotiation took several hours. The shopkeepers calculate only with the strings of beads for tens, hundreds, thousands, &c., the same as in Russia. One offers them half; then they allow you to go away; you raise your offer; and after a fearful amount of agony on both sides, the seller claps his hands, to shew that he accepts, and the buyer somehow feels that he has paid through the nose.

At dinner, we had Mr H., a *fanatico per la musica*, who has been long in China, has been home with a fortune, and having lost it, has been compelled to come out again. He is editor of the *Japan Gazette* here, knows many musical people in London, and seems to play every instrument. He had brought his violin and some music, and, will you nill you, I had to play with him a romance of Beethoven, scena cantante of Spohr, and a concerto of De Beriot's, and, what is more extraordinary still, the audience liked it, and was clamorous for more.

YOKOHAMA, Monday, 7th February.

A miserable day. Torrents of rain and a bitter wind. Streets changed into a quagmire, and Japanese clogs ought to be at a premium. I have completed my purchases by a splendid photographic album of Japanese costumes and views. Really valuable bronzes are unattainable. They ask one, two, and three hundred pounds for anything a little out of the way; but I have now a very fair assortment of silks, crapes, swords, lacker-ware, small bronzes, lanterns, and every kind of thing. They will all go to London by the P. and O. steamer, with orders to wait my arrival.

YOKOHAMA, Tuesday, 8th February.

Weather cleared up, and promising to keep fair. We are off after tiffin at Mr Arthur W.'s to Enasima, Kamakura, and Daiboots. Hurrah! I was so sorry at the prospect of losing this excursion.

YOKOHAMA, Wednesday, 9th February.

At half-past two yesterday afternoon, we left Yokohama (four of us) on horseback, or rather on tough little Japanese ponies. The road follows the Tokaido, or government highway, in the opposite direction from Yedo, and is more beautiful and picturesque, passing through undulating ground, and often running through the most magnificent plantations of pines and bays, interspersed with gigantic camellia trees. They grow from twenty to forty feet high, and were one mass of lovely pink and red flowers. Growing wild, the flower is not like the hothouse

one in anything but colour, being single instead of double. Still, the immense size of the dark-green trees, with their gay load of lovely flowers, had something of wonderland for me. Whatever the government and the officials may feel towards foreigners, the common people are all smiles and welcome. Whenever we passed through a village, young and old called out Anata Ohio (Good-morning, your honour), or only Ohio (Good-morning). The word is pronounced exactly like the American state, and a gentleman from Cincinnati might take it as a special compliment in honour of his home.

We arrived about six at Katassi, and at once repaired to the tea-house, where coolies had been sent before with our baggage and some food. The *betto*s, or horse-boys, who run indefatigably for incredible distances with the horses to which they belong, had also arrived before us, and stood ready to take charge of our ponies. The tea-house boasted of a rickety European table and two benches, on which our servants very soon spread an excellent meal. After dinner, we had some singing-girls, consisting apparently of an old woman, with blackened teeth, and her grand-daughter; but their united efforts produced such awful results, by voice and guitar, that we were only too glad to get rid of them. We soon went to bed, and although we had brought our own pillows and blankets, I confess to considering this the *partie faible* of travelling in Japan. They gave us a kind of mattress, which was, as I thought, harder than any stone, except granite; and although they shut not only the sliding windows with paper panes, but also a set of outside shutters, the winds of heaven seemed to fan us all night, and pretty cold they were. However, we slept somehow, and in the morning, got through our toilet in spite of strange difficulties, such as the absence of wash-stands, looking-glasses, &c. After a cup of cocoa (which we had brought with us), we went to Enasima, or the island of Ena. It was formerly an island; but the sea having receded somewhat, it has become a peninsula, and can be reached by a narrow tongue of sand. In summer, the place is a resort of pilgrims, who visit the numerous temples; but far beyond the temples, the view almost transported me beyond myself. Snow-covered hills, with the volcano Fusi-yama overlooking all in solitary grandeur, the wide ocean tranquilly beneath us, De Vries Island and the Bay of Yedo thrown in, and all this seen from an eminence luxuriating in the most superb vegetation of evergreens, rendered gay by the lovely camellia trees. Back to the tea-house for a hearty breakfast. I went up to the temple at Katassi, and found a priest reading prayers in a monotonous manner, just for all the world like a Roman Catholic priest reading mass hurriedly to a sparse congregation. In a side-room of the chapel, the other priests were quietly cowering round a fire, drinking tea and smoking. Shortly after breakfast, we rode over to Daiboots, and saw the gigantic statue of Buddha. It is about sixty feet high, of bronze, and a splendid work. Buddha is sitting on his knees, with his hands pressed against each other by the thumbs, with downcast eyes, and apparently lost in devout prayer. The statue appeared to me full of a beautiful simplicity and earnestness. Right over the nose, between the eyes, it has a large wart. The statue at Ten-Oji, near Wueno, had the same peculiarity, and I wonder what it means. The

interior of the statue used to serve as a chapel, but seems deserted now. All sorts of names have profaned the walls, and all the temples here and at Kamakura wear a deserted aspect, as if the Japanese had abandoned them after the foreigners have desecrated them.

On to Kamakura, a congeries of temples, said to have been a residence of the Tycoons. The priests shew all manner of rubbish, such as bows, arrows, spears, helmets, and standards, which have belonged to some very celebrated and valorous Tycoon some seven hundred years ago. The two sacred milk-white ponies, which are one of the sights of the place, had been removed to Yokohama.

We saw the big stone to which barren women come and pray for offspring. Much more than all these mouldy remnants of a bygone time, the villages with their merry inhabitants, the wonderful cultivation of every inch of ground, and the gorgeous scenery through which our narrow bridle-paths took us, delighted my soul. The paths were so narrow that we had to go single file, and the bridges often so slender and small that we had to pass them very carefully.

We rested and took tiffin at Kanassawa, a pretty fishing-village twelve miles from here, and then rode home by the so-called Plains of Heaven (a name the English have given to a noble view over sea, hill, and dale), past the race-course and the British camp. There are about nine hundred men here of the 10th; and as, during the recent war in Japan, the Mikado's party was most anxious to keep them here for protection, they have built a most comfortable camp for officers and men.

We rode eighteen miles yesterday, and about twenty-four to-day, and I feel all the better for this splendid trip. Alas! time drives me; and although I would like to stay here for weeks longer, I am off for Shanghai, *via* Hiogo and Nagasaki to-morrow.

THE GRAVE OF A RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

A BROAD expanse of sunny upland, stretching away for miles, till it melts into the clear summer sky; a clear bright stream winding between grassy slopes; a belt of green waving woods on the farther shore, above which rise the red walls and tall gilt cupolas of a genuine Russian church; a little wooden bridge, behind which cluster the tiny white-shuttered log-huts that compose the village of Tcherkeesovo; a group of short-skirted women, with red handkerchiefs round their heads, washing their linen on a small plank footway that juts out into the river, just below the spot where I stand; and in front, a little rising ground thickly dotted with green hillocks, each surmounted by a rudely carved cross.

Such was the scene that lay before me on a fine May morning, between eleven and twelve o'clock; and I looked at it with no little interest, for, although I had seen many famous burial-grounds in various parts of Russia—grounds where every tombstone closed a chapter of national history, and where, beneath marble slabs and silver tablets, rested the *élite* of the empire—this was my first experience of the 'graves of the people:' of that simple, rustic sepulture in which the heart of a nation shews itself, bringing to the surface all its inborn feelings, hopes, and beliefs, whether for good or for evil. And, in truth, throughout every

country of Europe, the quiet graveyard in which, amid the familiar spots where their whole life has been spent,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,

is not the least interesting study that offers itself to the traveller. I had already seen, on the sunny hill-sides of Brittany, the crumbling headstones, garlanded with *immortelles*, beneath which sleep the countrymen of Duguesclin and Georges Cadoudal. I had watched the shepherds of Switzerland, beneath the shadow of the everlasting hills, lower into its grave, to the sound of a plaintive Vaudois hymn, the coarse pinewood coffin which held all that the avalanche had spared of their youngest and bravest. In the quaint little churchyards of remote German villages, I had spelled out half-effaced texts of Scripture, or fragments of some grand old Lutheran psalm. I had stood, in Denmark, on the ground where those whom Nelson's cannon slew before Copenhagen, and those who fell by Prussian needle-guns at Dybbøl, sleep in one common grave, marked with the simple inscription, 'Died for the Fatherland,' with the sweet spring-flowers blooming above them, and bright-eyed children bringing their little cans of water to sprinkle the graves of the fathers and brothers whom they never knew. Beneath the forest-shades of ancient Sweden, I had gazed upon the grassy mound that held the dust of the aged pastor, surmounted by a simple cross, carved by the hand of his son. Far away in the solitudes of the Arctic Sea, I had lighted upon spray-lashed slabs of rock on the brink of the unresting ocean, marking the last resting-place of the sailor-patriarchs of Zetland and Faroe. And now, for the first time, I stand face to face, amid the endless plains of Central Russia, with a place of burial not a whit less interesting, and even more affecting, than any that I have yet beheld. One or two of the graves are railed in, and marked with neat headstones; several others are surmounted by little plaster coffins, curiously painted; but the majority display only the customary wooden cross, defended by side-pieces across the arms, so as to give it the look of a gigantic A, and inscribed, in rudely painted letters, with the simple prayer, 'Lord, receive my soul in peace!'

I step across the encircling trench, and walk slowly among the graves, glancing at the brief artless epitaphs, which tell their own story: 'Beneath this cross is buried the body of the servant of God, Avdotia Vasilievna, of the Ivánoff family, who ended her days on the 26th July 1857. Her life was of 52 years and 7 months.'—'Mary, Mother of God, help me, and entreat thy son, the Lord Jesus, to set me upon his right hand, where he sitteth to judge the living and the dead.'—'Here lies Iván Vasiliev Arloff, soldier of the Semionnovski Regiment, who ended his days on the 28th of October 1858, having lived 34 years in wedlock, and 70 from his birth.'—'V. S. R., 4th February 1843. "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner."'

Over the low mounds waves long rank grass, amid which the busy ants scramble ceaselessly to and fro; and little child-like plants twine lovingly round the stern black crosses, and raise their heads wistfully, as if wondering why the impassable wood does not return their caresses; and here and there, a bending tree in all the beauty of its fresh leaves, casts a floating shadow on the uneven

ground ; and over all alike streams the glory of the summer sunshine, giving to everything that it touches a calm unchanging grandeur.

A sharp tapping sound breaks my meditations, and I perceive an old man a few paces to my right, endeavouring to restore the half-decayed side-piece of one of the more recent crosses. He is dressed like a common peasant, in a red-striped shirt, coming low down over wide coarse trousers, the ends of which are thrust into high boots reaching to the knee ; but his appearance and bearing contrast with the plainness of his garb to an extent absolutely startling. The high square forehead, the large bold outline of feature (altogether different from the common Russian type), the firm mouth, and, above all, the clear, piercing, eagle-like eye, might serve as a model of some ancient Roman patriot, pitiless to himself as to others, alike undaunted in adversity and unsparing in triumph, ever ready to sacrifice to his country's good his own life or other lives dearer than his own—'without fear, without fraud, without mercy.' His long white hair and beard soften a little the granite firmness of his features ; and the sunshine, falling on his uncovered head, lights up the stern face with a kind of solemn splendour.

As I approach, the hammer slips from his hand, and rolls among the long grass. In a moment, I spring forward and pick it up.

'Thank you, *Barin*,'* says the patriarch. 'I'm not quite so active as I used to be, God knows. One doesn't live to eighty-eight without feeling it a little.'

'Are you really so old?' ask I in amazement, looking at his fine upright figure and almost un wrinkled face.

'Indeed, I am, more than a month since. Who would have thought, ten years ago, that I should ever live to trim the grave of my youngest son!'

My eye falls on the front of the cross, and catches the following inscription, rudely painted in white on the dark surface: 'Beneath this cross lies the body of Alexey Feodorovitch Mitrophánoff, who died on the 1st May 1856, of a wound received at Sevastopol for the emperor and his fatherland. His life was of 23 years and 3 months.'

'Twenty-three years!' I repeat. 'Poor fellow ; he was indeed taken early!'

'Ah, you may say that!' answers the old man. 'I thought *he*, at least, would have lived to close my eyes, and lay me in the grave. It was God's will,' adds he, crossing himself devoutly ; 'but it was sore to part with him. Such a man as he was, too ! If you had only seen him run !—you might as well try to keep up with a horse ; and one blow from him with axe or hammer was worth three of another man's. How he stood up, like a stone pillar, in his new uniform, the day he came to bid me farewell ! And after that I never saw him again till he came home to die. However, God and the czar had need of him ; and after all, he continues with stern satisfaction, 'he paid more than one of those accursed Frenchmen before they struck him down. Ah, my boy ! there was none like you ! He was struck down by a bullet in the side, when the Zouaves came in upon us at Inkermann (he killed two of them first, though, praise be to God !), and it was that would that caused his death.

When he came back to us, we hardly knew him, he was so pale and wasted ; and sad it was to see *him*, who had stood up like a tower, drooping like an ear of corn beaten down by the rain. And so he pined and pined all through the autumn and winter of '55. I always hoped the summer might revive him, but he never lived to see it ; for on the first day of May, just when the trees were coming out fresh and green, and the bright sunshine made everything look happy, he died.'

The old man is silent for a moment, and then resumes in an altered tone: 'There, that side-piece is all right again ; and now the cross will be quite trim and proper when his spirit comes to look at it.'

'Well, father,' interpose I, 'if your work is done, suppose you come and sit in the shade a bit, and have a share of my lunch. I've got some bread and sausage with me, and there's water to be had down yonder for the taking ; so come along.'

'Thank you kindly ; I will. "Share and share alike" is a good rule,' as my poor lad used to say ; and he would have given half his bread to a comrade any day.'

'Have you any children living?' ask I, as we seat ourselves.

'Yes ; there's Ivan, who's out in Bokhara with General Kaufmann's army ; he was in that fight the other day on the heights of Tchepan-Atin, when our lads dashed breast-high through the Zariavshin when it was in full flood, and beat three times their number out of the batteries on the hill above.† Father Paul came in and read it all to me out of the paper the other night ; and it did me more good than a bottle of vodka.‡ Then, after Ivan, there's Prascovia, who's at home with me, and a good lass she is ; but it's a pity she's not a man, for then she might have been a soldier too.'

'Why, would you risk all your children in the same way?' exclaim I in astonishment.

'Why not, if it's for the sake of Holy Russia?' replies the old hero simply. 'We are the emperor's children, and must come forward when he needs us. I didn't grudge my own life, when Father Nikolai Pavlovitch [that is, the late Emperor Nicholas] bade us go upon the Turks at Shumla, intrenched as they were behind their cannon ; and I didn't grudge it when Graf Diebitch marched us down to Adrianople, marking our way with the bodies of those who died of sickness, the vultures picking at them before they were cold ; and I wouldn't grudge my sons either, if they were needed. I would not wish that God should say to me hereafter : "Where are the sons whom I gave you, that they might fight for their country and for the true faith?"'

At these last words, his expression becomes really sublime ; and as I look upon him, I am again impressed with what has often struck me

* A more grotesque form of this touching superstition may be traced in the popular belief, that if a man goes superfluous to bed, his soul will wander about the house during the night, seeking what it may devour—an admirable cloak for petty thefts.

† This position was the last defence of Samarcand ; and its capture by General Kaufmann's army (one of the most gallant exploits in the military annals of Russia), brought with it the fall of that city, and the subjugation of the entire district.

‡ Corn-brandy.

* Answering to our 'sir ;' literally, 'master of a household.'

before—the immense power given to the sovereign of Russia by the blending of loyalty and religion in the feeling with which his people regard him; a feeling which calls forth all the deepest and strongest passions of man's nature, the native valour of the soldier, the pure zeal of the patriot, the fierce enthusiasm of the fanatic, the loyalty of the subject to his sovereign, the reverence of the Christian for his God.

'Ay, it's a grand thing to be a soldier!' pursues the veteran, his eyes gleaming with all the fire of youth. 'I remember when I used to think it a hard life; but it's a grand thing for all that. It's hard to march for twenty-four hours together on an empty stomach, or to camp in a pelting rain, and wake up sore and stiff all over; but when once you come in sight of the enemy, and hear the guns roaring and the drums beating the charge, you forget all that, and only feel the longing to tear and kill tingling to the very ends of your fingers. There was a song we used to sing round our camp-fires that always did me good to hear: somehow this way it went.' And in a clear mellow voice, little marred by his advanced age, he rolls out the famous chorus:

THE SOLDIER'S FAMILY.*

1.

'Soldiers, soldiers, lads of the czar!
Who are your fathers, say?'

'Our fathers are battles whose fame rings loud,
They are our fathers, they!'

2.

'Soldiers, soldiers, lads of the czar!
Who are your mothers, say?'

'Our mothers are tents standing white on the field,
They are our mothers, they!'

3.

'Soldiers, soldiers, lads of the czar,
Who are your sisters, say?'

'Our sisters are swords well sharpened to smite,
They are our sisters, they!'

4.

'Soldiers, soldiers, tell me once more,
Who are your brides, I pray?'

'Our brides they are guns well loaded for fight,
They are our brides—ay, they!'

The last notes had hardly died away, when there arose from the farther side of the burial-ground a low, mournful crooning sound, which made us both look up. Seated by one of the low mounds was the figure of a woman, rocking ceaselessly to and fro, and singing to herself a plaintive dirge-like chant, contrasting weirdly with the old soldier's bold dashing strain. Sadder and drearier sound I never heard; and the bowed, sunken, nerveless aspect of the figure was suggestive of unutterable despair. A fitter personification of hopeless sorrow, no painter could have desired.

'Who is that?' asked I in a whisper.

'Ah, poor Lisaveta!' replied the old man in the same tone; 'it's a sad story hers. She, as well as I, had a son—a fine tall fellow too—who went for a soldier; and he, too, came home only to die. He didn't die of a wound, though, but of a fever that he caught in the damp autumn nights out on

the open field in the Crimea. A fine lad he was, too, as ever you saw; not equal to mine, indeed, but still one that you wouldn't meet every day. Many a time have I rocked him on my knee when he was a child; and now here I am standing by his grave!'

'And does she come here every day?' inquired I. 'That she does, every day, summer and winter; she never misses, no matter what the weather may be like. I've seen her sitting there in a pelting rain or a blinding snow-storm, rocking back and forward, and crooning that song to herself, till I felt so miserable that I didn't know which way to turn. That song was the one she used to hush him to sleep with, when he was a baby; and now she sings it over his tomb!'

'She must have been very fond of him,' said I, hardly knowing why I said so.

'Ah, Barin!' answered the old man, unconsciously quoting the most pathetic passage of one of the most touching stories on record, 'he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow!'

Far away from hence, in the heart of stately Petersburg, where the swift Neva glides beneath the shadow of the golden spire that watches over the imperial citadel, the bones of Nicholas Romanoff rest among those of his ancestors. A proud and a mighty man was he, and his fame, for good and for evil, will endure for ever; while the names of the simple peasant-soldiers, by whose blood, and tears, and unrequited labour he hewed out the path of his ambition, are unnoticed and unknown. Over his dust sweet hymns have been sung, and noble litanies recited, and stately monuments reared on high; *theirs* is hallowed only by a simple cross of wood, and by the unspoken prayer of some loving and sorrowing heart. And yet, it may be, that in the day when prince and peasant alike shall stand before the God and Father of all, to give account of the deeds done in the body, it shall be more tolerable for these brave, simple hearts, who knew only how to die in their obedience, than for him.

A SEA-TOWN.

A LONG street straggling up a church-crowned hill,
Whitened from end to end with rain and wind,
The brown old houses, e'en more straggling still,
Branching therefrom, cluster to cluster joined.
Craft oddly grouped, and craft in ordered rows,
Crowd the quaint wharf whence now and then a gray
And grim old lugger scuds with surfy bows
And press of dingy canvas. Far away,
A white-winged ship makes for the dim coast-line
Where hides a busy port; while farther far
A wee sail flashing like a falling star
Gleams and is gone. The sunset's fiery sign
Is set on all the hills; and evening soon
Brings home the boats beneath the brightening moon.

On Saturday, 2d July, will be commenced the first portion of an ORIGINAL NOVEL, entitled

BRED IN THE BONE.

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* This song is a translation, as literal as possible, of one that I lately heard sung in chorus by a number of soldiers quartered in one of the villages of the interior.